

SONG  
FOR THE  
*HARVEIAN ANNIVERSARY*  
OF THE  
CIRCULATION CLUB AT EDINBURGH,  
APRIL 12. 1816.

By SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART. P. E.

*To the Tune of "The Vicar and Moses."*

1.

WHAT ! bid a Man sing,  
In so dreadful a ring,  
'Midst Priests for the sacrifice seated ;  
Æneas they tell,  
Promenaded to Hell,  
But his courage would here be defeated.

2.

In awe most profound,  
My eye wanders round,  
And phantoms rise glaring to Fancy ;  
Fear's mystical power  
Conjures up at this hour  
Sights would stun even stark Necromancy.

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## 3.

If on *Wood* I but think,  
 From deal-coffin I shrink ;  
 If on *Bell*, I hear a bell tolling ;  
 For nothing can save  
 From that dead *Home* the grave,  
 Tho' *Hope*, smiling *Hope*, sits cajoling.

## 4.

If Murder and Death  
 Chill our blood, in *Macbeth*,  
 Talk of *Duncan*, we hear ravens croaking,  
 But the *Duncan* that's here,  
 Is th' assassin I fear,  
 Who kills us, remorseless, with joking.

## 5.

*Old Duncan*, they say,  
 Can the merry fool play,  
 When seated amidst honest fellows.  
 Now Doctor of Mirth,  
 To fresh jokes he'll give birth,  
 And blow up the Fun with his Bellows.

## 6.

One *Barclay*, they quote,  
 Who on Quakery wrote,  
 But our friend's of another persuasion.  
 The pleased Undertaker,  
 Says *John* is no Quaker,  
 Tho' Patients, perhaps, have occasion.

## 7.

From Pandora's Box,  
 Flew two kinds of pox,  
 I can't give their learned names precisely ;  
 But the one is rank'd foul,  
 So, sage as an Owl,  
 To the *Bubo* the Doctor nods wisely.



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## 8.

The vile Small-Pox, *Bryce*  
 Can trim in a trice,  
 And Cow him with prompt Vaccination :  
 The Whig taste he hit,  
 For you'll scarce find a *Pitt*  
 On the purified face of creation.

## 9.

Tho' costive my Muse,  
 And quite gravell'd, I chuse  
 Much rather to sound than be sounded ;  
 My poor notes may fail,  
 Where but Guineas prevail,  
 But drink, and you all shall be pounded.

## 10.

Some music to try,  
 For a Bagpipe I'd cry,  
 For Music is Medicine's Sister ;  
 But some learned Wag,  
 Should I name *Pipe* and *Bag*,  
 Might offer,—Protect me ! a Glyster.

## 11.

In the doctoring art,  
 He who first took the start,  
 Named *Phæbus* or rather *Apollo*,  
 In his chariot gay,  
 Rides about all the day,  
 An example which some Doctors follow.

## 12.

Not content with his skill  
 In the Bolus and Pill,  
 He patronis'd idle Musicians ;  
 So the Fiddle and Flute,  
 By prescription must suit  
 With the practice of learned Physicians.

## 13.

Some doubt if the God  
 Gave to Surgeons the nod,  
 And smil'd on the knife and the plaster;  
 But to truth I've a bias,  
 He cut up Marsyas,  
 And handl'd the knife like a master.

## 14.

By Helicon's stream  
 If the Poets could dream,  
 'Twas Wine and not Water was flowing;  
 And a fork'd Hill we know,  
 The God chose, just to shew,  
 That a fork with the knife should be going.

## 15.

Like Leeches you bleed,  
 And like locusts you feed,  
 Ah! pardon a Poet's presumption;  
 But *Oman* dismay'd,  
 O'er his joints quite decay'd,  
 Cries,—See what a rapid Consumption.

## 16.

Since you smile, then a Fig  
 For each ominous Wig,  
 And adieu to absurd trepidation;  
 Let the Wine, if 'tis good,  
 Take the course of our blood,  
 And flow round in blithe Circulation.



# CARMEN HARVEIANUM,

POST PRANDIUM QUADRAGESIMUM-QUINTUM SOCIETATIS  
HARVEIANÆ ANNO 1826 CANTANDUM.

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Though thus I tune my simple lay,  
And TEMPLETON may sound it,  
It's no to steal awa' the bay  
Frae brows whar ye hae bound it:  
Let WILSON yield a sprig o' palm,  
And GREVILLE spare my carol,  
And I shall leave them baith in calm  
Possession o' their laurel.

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*Tune* "And sae will we yet."

## 1.

What a stir's in the Town 'mang the Knights o' the Pill!  
Hae they got a new charter to cure us or kill?  
Na, na, there's a feast, lads, amang them the day,  
And to GIBB's new Hotel they're a' leggin away.  
a' leggin away,  
a' leggin away,  
And to GIBB's new Hotel they're a' leggin away.

## 2.

It's the Birth-day o' HARVEY, the genius you know,  
Wha first taught the way that the life currents flow;  
And they never permit that occasion to pass,  
Without *bluiding* the magnum and *circling* the glass.  
and circling the glass, &c.

## 3.

There's BORTHWICK, the Chair wha sae lustily fills,  
 And BARCLAY, wi' stories as auld as the hills;  
 And DUNCAN, fine fellow, as brimful of glee,  
 As he was sixty years syne, or ever could be.  
or ever could be, &c.

## 4.

There's SANDY WOOD's son GEORGE, sae couthy and kind,  
 And WISHART, that clears up your e'en, when you're blind;  
 And MILLER, wi' manners baith simple and plain,  
 But wi' lair amaist mair than ae head can contain.  
ae head can contain, &c.

## 5.

There's GRAHAM, the great patron o' sybies an' leeks,  
 Wha's smile o' gude humour ay brightens his cheeks;  
 There's BUCHAN, devoted to country and king;  
 And BRYCE, wha the sma'-pox deprives o' its sting.  
deprives o' its sting, &c.

## 6.

And yonder's MACWHIRTER, baith pawky and shrewd,  
 Wha sings o' the "maut" weel that "Willie had brew'd;"  
 And THATCHER, wha, if he's no ca'd away sune,  
 Will aiblins *deliver* himsell—o' a tune.  
himsel o' a tune, &c.

## 7.

But haud, Sirs, my muse will get dry in the weasan',  
 The rest that are there, I'll describe by the dozen;  
 Baith auld men and young men, around the board thrang,  
 And amang them the chield that has made ye this sang.  
has made ye this sang, &c.

## 8.

The table is crowdit, and yet there's a birth,  
 If no for mair Physic, at least for some mirth;  
 And crouse honest GILBERT, frae yonder braw square,  
 Wi' his "auld cloak about him," will find a place there.  
will find a place there, &c.

## 9.

Though last, no the least, hand the Laureates a seat;  
 They have Odes in their pockets, I'll tak you a bet:  
 In their ardour for science, though equall'd by few.  
 Yet *non semper arcum* is their motto, too,  
is their motto, too, &c.

## 10.

Then drink to great HARVEY, till dull care is drown'd,  
 It's but ance in a year that his birth-day comes round;  
 And, when you get tir'd o' your frolic and glee,  
 You may trust to the Chair for *a dish o' gude tea*.  
*a dish o' gude tea, &c.*

## CARMEN JAP—ONICUM,

IN USUM SOCIETATIS HARVEIANÆ.

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DUNCANUS loquitur.

## 1.

Quoth Tom, t'other day, when my ear he had got,  
 What's that, my dear fellow, that sticks to your coat?  
 'Tis a great piece of mud!—Never mind it, said I,  
 It is only a jap, 'twill rub off, when it's dry.

## 2.

Tom's temper is peevish ; he frets night and day  
 At each small annoyance that comes in his way ;  
 But when this thing or that puts the man in a fry,  
 I say, Tut, it's a jap, 'twill rub off, when it's dry.

## 3.

Fifty times in a year, thus I tell the poor elf,  
 That he's only creating new plagues for himself ;  
 Yet he still grumbles on, though he cannot deny  
 That it's but at a jap, would rub off when it's dry.

## 4.

Now the way I pursue, is another one quite,  
 When the injury's small, or the grievance is slight ;  
 And oft, when it's greater, I just pass it by,  
 And account it a jap, will rub off when it's dry.

## 5.

One bears me a grudge, and he spreads a report ;  
 It hurts me, is trac'd, then he says 'twas in sport ;  
 My friends all resent it ; for vengeance they cry ;  
 I say, No, it's a jap, 'twill rub off when its dry.

## 6.

No mortal expects, in his journey through life,  
 To keep perfectly clear of vexation and strife ;  
 But nine-tenths you'd avoid, if my plan you would try,  
 And think less of a jap, that rubs off when it's dry.



*TRIBUTE to the Memory of Dr ANDREW KENNY, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and Member of the Harveian Society of Edinburgh, who died at Tobago, on the 13th of January 1826.*

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AS no death of any Member of the Harveian Society was known to have taken place during the year 1825, it was not intended that there should have been any discourse, paying the tribute of regard to departed worth, at the Harveian Festival for 1826. But a letter to Dr DUNCAN *senior*, from CHARLES WIGHTMAN, Esq. intimated the death of his son-in-law Dr ANDREW KENNY, formerly Physician in Edinburgh, and one of the social sons of Æsculapius annually commemorating the most important of all medical discoveries, the Circulation of the Blood, by the Circulation of the social Glass. The following copy of Dr DUNCAN's answer to Mr WIGHTMAN, may be considered as some testimony of respect for the memory of Dr KENNY :

“ EDINBURGH, 5th April 1826.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ Yesterday's post brought me your letter, conveying to me the melancholy intelligence of the death of your excellent son-in-law, my late amiable young friend Dr KENNY.

“ But I need not tell you,

“ The ways of Heaven are intricate and dark,

“ Our understanding traces them in vain.”

“ What we judge to be the greatest of calamities, often terminate in real blessings. I shall be happy to hear of the safe arrival of your daughter in Britain, after the severe loss she has sustained in the West Indies. And if it shall be the will of Heaven to preserve her life, she will, I have no doubt, be the comfort of your old age.

“ I have great reason to thank God for the blessings bestowed on my old age. Now in my eighty-second year, I have delivered in the College, this winter-session, ninety-six Lectures on the Philosophy of Medicine, without missing a single day appointed for academical duty ; and I would fain hope I shall be able to continue this my fifty-seventh winter course of Medical Lectures in Edinburgh, <sup>as</sup> during ~~as~~ many winter-sessions, to the appointed conclusion which must now take place in a few days.

“ While I enjoy, to a sufficient degree, *Mens sana in corpore sano* for such public duties, I am surrounded at home by a promising race of grandchildren. I have already sent out three of my East India grandsons, admirable youths, to their father in Bengal ; and all of them have obtained excellent outgoings in the service of the East India Company ; the eldest in the Medical line, the second in the Infantry, and the third in the Artillery. I have still five other East India grandchildren under my roof, and five European grandchildren residing with their parents in Edinburgh. In addition to all these, I have also one great-grandchild, whose great-grandmother, still enjoying good health, is one of my family. Possessed of all these inestimable jewels, I do not know a man in Britain that is richer than I am.

“ Mrs DUNCAN and my three unmarried daughters, my present messmates, and the nurses, of my *second childishness*, although not of *mere oblivion*, join in requesting to be kindly remembered to you, and to all friends at Eyemouth.

“ Yours, ever and sincerely,

“ ANDREW DUNCAN *sen.*

“ To CHARLES WIGHTMAN, *Esq.* }  
 Eyemouth, Berwickshire.” }



